witcht with the rogues company. If the raſcal haue not giuen mee medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd: it could not be elſe. I haue drunke medicines, *Poines, Hall*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll*, *Peto*, Ile ſtarue ere Ile rob a foot further: and 'twere not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue theſe Rogues, I am the verieſt Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yardes of vneuen ground, is three ſcore and ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony-hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it, when theeues cannot be true one to another. *They whiſtle.*
Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my Horſe, you rogues, Giue mee my Horſe, and bee hangd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Falſ. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp again being down? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to coltmee thus?

Prince. Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Falſ. I prethee good Prince *Hall*, helpe mee to my horſe, Good Kings ſonne.

Prince. Out you Rogue, ſhall I bee your Oſtler?

Falſ. Go hang thy ſelfe in thine owne Heire apparant Garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue nor Ballads made on all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my poyſon: when ieſt is ſo forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gad. Stand. *Fal.* So I doe againſt my will.

Poin. O tis our ſetter, I know his voice: *Bardol*, what newes?

Bar. Caſe yee, caſe ey; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings, comming downe the Hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Falſ. You lie, you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Falſ. To bee hanged.

Prince. You foure ſhall front them in the narrow Lane. *Ned Poines* and I will walke lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto.

Peto. But how many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Falſ. Zounds, will they not rob vs?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir *Iohn Paunch*?

Falſ. Indeed I am not *Iohn* of *Gant* our Grand no coward, *Hall*.

Prince. Well, weele leaue that to the proofe.

Poy. Sirra *Iack*, thy horſe ſtands behind the hed needeſt him, there thou ſhalt find him, farewell,

Falſ. Now cannot I ſtrike him if I ſhould be h

Prince. Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poy. Heere hard by: ſtand cloſe.

Falſ. Now, my maſters, happy man bee his d man to his buſineſſe.

Enter the Trauellers.

Tra. Come, neyghbor, the boy ſhall lead our the hill, weele walke afoote a while, and eaſe our

Theeues. Stay. *Tra.* Ieſus b

Falſ. Strike, downe with them, cut the villain horeſon caterpillers! Bacon-fed knaues, they h downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for

Falſ. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndon chuffes, I would your ſtore were heere: on Bacon knaues? yong men muſt liue, you are grand Iurors iure you, yfayth.

Heere they rob them and binde them. Ex the Prince, and Poynes.

Prince. The theeues haue bound the true men thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to Lo be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, a for euer.

Poy. Stand cloſe, I heare them comming.

Enter the theeues againe.

Falſ. Come, my maſters, let vs ſhare, and then t day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arr theres no equity ſtirring, ther's no more valour i than in a wild Ducke.